

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXXXII—No. 13.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER 6,825.

The Newport Mercury

—PUBLISHED BY—

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102 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the English language. It is a large paper, weekly of fifty columns, filled with interesting reading material. It is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is a very valuable paper to the community.

Local Matters.

Death of Wm. D. Lake.

In the death of Mr. William D. Lake, which took place Tuesday afternoon, Newport loses one of her best-known and, up to a few years ago, most active citizens. He was a son of Israel Lake, who owned and carried on business at what is still known as Lake's Corner, Broadway, and except such time as he was away at school, he spent his whole life in Newport. He began his education in our public schools and fitted for college under the tutelage of the late Judge Josiah of this city. He entered Brown University but left that institution before graduation to enter a theological school with a view of becoming an Episcopal clergyman. He subsequently decided to be a physician and for some time pursued the study of medicine under the late Dr. Dunn, of this city. He never practiced, however, and being made deputy sheriff of this county turned his attention to the legal profession. Though never admitted to the bar, he became authority on many of the finest questions of law, and during his long connection with the sheriff's office possessed the highest confidence of all.

He was a scholar in the highest sense of the word and having a taste for literary work contributed many valuable articles to local and outside papers and magazines, and by his writings, as well as various other ways, did much for his native city.

His funeral was solemnized yesterday and was largely attended.

The Cremator.

The special committee of the board of aldermen have been making an official test this week of the new cremator on City wharf, and thus far it has apparently done all that the contract calls for, which is that it shall incinerate one hundred barrels of sawdust and one hundred barrels of coal in one day. The test was begun on Monday morning with six barrels of sawdust and six barrels of coal. The cremator was engaged to superintend the loading, in charge. Invitations to visit the cremator and inspect its workings were issued to the board of aldermen, the board of health and to the members of the press, and generally speaking these people have been present at some time during the week. At different times on Wednesday all the physicians of the board of health and Dr. Fisher, secretary of the State board, visited the place and made a careful and critical examination of the workings of the "machine" from a sanitary point of view, and though they will probably make no report upon the matter until the test is over, they all seemed satisfied with what is being done.

For the four days ending yesterday morning 238 barrels had been completely burned and destroyed as follows: Monday, 100 barrels; Tuesday, 10 barrels; Wednesday, 10 barrels; Thursday, 128 barrels. The 61 barrels on Tuesday were the whole of that day's collection, or the specified amount would have been used.

Big Game for the Inner Harbor.

A fin-back whale, measuring about twenty-eight feet, wandered into the inner harbor Wednesday and for a time created considerable excitement. He ran up into Fort Cove, where, after being about for some time and throwing huge quantities of water into the air, he got stranded on the rocks in front of Mr. F. O. French's. The servants, and others of the neighborhood attacked him with stones and clubs, and finally, freeing himself, he swam to the wharf where he was shot and killed by the officers and men of the guard.

The State Committee of the Y. M. C. Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Russell Sturgis, Esq., of Boston, chairman, will hold their September meeting with the Newport Association, and they are especially anxious to meet some of the prominent friends and helpers of the work to confer with them in regard to the present and future needs in Newport. This meeting will be held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Thursday, September 13th.

A Former Newport Clergyman Dead.

Rev. Charles Wingate, who died at his home in Haverhill, Mass., last week Friday, was well known to our older citizens, he having at one time been settled here as rector of Emmanuel church. He was a gentleman distinguished alike for his scholarly attainments and deeds of philanthropy, and his long life was one of usefulness to his fellowman. He was born in Haverhill, Feb. 20, 1816. At the age of 20 he went to Philadelphia, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits for 27 years. In 1848 he embraced the ministry, and was admitted to the holy order of the Episcopal church. His first parish was Emmanuel church, Newport, R. I., and he afterwards had charge of parishes in Dover, N. H., Southboro and Melrose, Mass. In 1875 he built the church of St. John the Evangelist, which he dedicated to the memory of his father, Hon. Moses Wingate, who died at the age of almost 100 years. Since founding Trinity chapel Haverhill, he has supported it and supplied the pulpit, making it the only free church of the kind in the country. He was also one of the founders of the Trinity church, in his native town. He married Lucy E. Stone, daughter of Abner Stone of Greenfield, Mass. His initiation into Merriam Lodge of Masons was one of the most important events of State fraternity, for at the time, his father, Hon. Moses Wingate, then 100 years of age, was master of the lodge. Rev. Charles Wingate was a schoolmate of John G. Whittier, and one of his most intimate youthful friends. The Wingate family are a long-lived race, and the deceased's antecedents were among the pioneers of the old Bay state. He leaves no family.

Favor Amongst the Apprentices.

The statements of the physicians of the Newport board of health, made before the City Council Tuesday night, and the subsequent inspection and report of Dr. C. N. Fisher, secretary of the board of health, have removed much of the fear regarding the typhoid cases developed on board schoolship New Hampshire and located at the Newport Hospital. These gentlemen were unanimous in the opinion that the cases could be treated at the Hospital in perfect safety and that there was not the slightest occasion for fear. The secretary of the navy has ordered the officers and men of the schoolship into camp on the island and the vessel will be thoroughly overhauled and put in first-class sanitary condition before they are allowed to return, and there is talk of abandoning the ship altogether as a dwelling place for the apprentices. There have thus far been ten cases of the fever reported at the ship and treated at the hospital, of which four have proved fatal. The last case reported was September 4, and as the boys, not yet sick, have all taken up their quarters on the island, no new cases are expected, and if there are any it is thought they will be very light.

The four deaths were Edmund Findlay, Aug. 28; Charles H. Mossnager and Ernest K. Johnson, Sept. 1, and Robert J. Amos, Sept. 5.

Cup Polo Matches.

Two interesting and exciting contests at polo have been witnessed at the Westchester grounds this week and another will take place there to-day. Monday's and Wednesday's games were a match for the Westchester Polo Club's annual cup. The first day the Freebooters defeated the Newport's by a score of 7 to 1, and Wednesday the winners of Monday defeated the Myopias, a Boston team, by a score of 13 to 8, thus winning the cup. To-day's match will be between the Myopias and a picked Newport team, and will also be for a valuable cup.

The Boston's play a very fair game but they are by no means a match for such players as met them on Wednesday. After Wednesday's match the Boston players were given a dinner at the Casino by the Newporters, and a very social time was enjoyed.

Mr. John Freeman, one of our prominent and most highly respected citizens, died at his residence on Third street Tuesday at the advanced age of 70 years. Mr. Freeman was a mason by trade and for many years carried on an extensive business of building, the buildings on West Marlboro street, now occupied by the Water Works Company, being one of his jobs. He was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal church on Marlboro street and he lived his long and useful life in accordance with his professions and died happy in his beliefs. One daughter, Mrs. B. P. Gilmore, of Providence, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Philip Caswell, of this city, survive him. The funeral will be solemnized from his late residence, 14 Third street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union, which has been in session in Providence this week made an excursion to Newport Thursday. The visitors made a street parade to the Ocean House where dinner was served, after which the various points of interest about the city and suburbs were visited.

CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting—Board of Health Declares There is no Cause for Fear from the Typhoid Fever Patients at the Hospital—No. 5 Fire Reel to Have a New Horse—Bottle Business.

The regular September meeting of the city council was held Tuesday evening, Mayor Coggeshall presiding in the Board of Aldermen and President Walters in the common council. The monthly report of the Finance committee was read and received, and on its recommendation the following bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations:

Public and Police	\$2,500.00
City Assessor	500.00
Public Schools	3,000.00
Police and Patrol	1,000.00
Fire Department	1,000.00
Streets and Highways	1,000.00
Water Supply	1,000.00
Public Buildings	1,000.00
Salaries	1,000.00
Ward Meetings	1,000.00
Books, Stationery and Printing	1,000.00
Board of Health	1,000.00
Lighting Streets	1,000.00
Second Ward Schoolhouse	1,000.00
Dog Fund	1,000.00
Frederick Fuel	1,000.00
Removal of House Debris	1,000.00
Chapman Estate	1,000.00
Sanitary Groves	1,000.00
Water Supply	1,000.00
Jewelry and Gold	1,000.00
Total	\$24,000.00

On the recommendation of a supplementary report from the Finance committee H. B. Bateman was given leave to withdraw his petition.

The report of the committee on Streets and Highways was read and received and on its recommendation crosswalks were ordered laid at Broadway and Brooks avenue, at Poplar and Second streets and at Poplar and Third streets, and Margaret McGarry was given leave to withdraw her petition. The committee on City Property, on its recommendation, was instructed to prepare proposals and contract for fuel for the city hall and police station and for the orders of the overseers of the poor. The report of the Assessors of Taxes was read and received and on its recommendation the following taxes were ordered remitted: \$20.00 to Sally M. Saunders, \$75.00 to George Graham, Executor of the estate of William Ogan, \$8.82 to B. A. Sullivan and \$9.90 to J. T. Knoll.

The monthly report of Street Commissioner Lawton, showing an expense on streets of \$5,155.15, on sewers, \$1,485.57, and on special appropriation, \$1,105.55, was read and received.

The report of the committee on Fire Department was read and received and an accompanying resolution, authorizing the purchase of a horse for horse reel No. 5, in place of the one recently died, at a cost not to exceed \$90, was passed after considerable discussion. The resolution was opposed in the common council by Mr. Hammett and advocated by President Walters; it passed by the following yeas and nays vote:

Ayes—Mr. President Walters, Councilmen Gladding, Lawton, Austin, Hazard, Lynch and McCormick, 7.

Nays—Councilmen Barker, Myers, Scott and Hammett, 4.

When the resolution reached the board of Aldermen Mr. Pike moved to concur and was seconded by Mr. DeBlois. Mr. Greene, who had strongly opposed the original purchase, said that he thought the expense of the horses was unwarranted and that he should oppose this addition. He had understood at the time the horses were bought that they were to be used by the highway department, but nothing of the kind had been done. Mr. Burdick, who had advocated the original purchase, said that he was satisfied that the expense of getting the horses had been much greater than the estimate and that they had not been utilized as had been promised, therefore he should oppose concurrence. Mr. Higher, who voted against the original purchase, took the ground that if ten horses were needed six months ago they were needed now, that if those who advocated their purchase had found them useless and an unnecessary expense then they should make a move to have them sold and not leave them to die off one by one. He was also surprised at the statement of Mr. Greene, chairman of the Highway committee, for as he remembered the resolution authorizing the original purchase, the horses were as much the property of the Highway department as of the fire department, and that if the horses were not used it was the fault of the former committee alone. Mr. Greene said he had not so understood the matter and Mr. Higbee called for the reading of the original resolution. It showed that the horses were for "horsing the horse reels of the fire department, for use on the sprinkling carts (which latter work is in charge of the Highway committee) and for such other purposes as the city council may determine." The vote for the new horse was as follows: Ayes, Aldermen Pike, Higbee, DeBlois, Myers, Aldermen Greene, Cottrell, Burdick, and Ais Honor, the Mayor cast his vote in the affirmative.

A resolution was passed fixing the salaries of mayor and city treasurer at \$1,000 and \$1,500 respectively, the same as last year. The following petitions were received and referred to the committee on Street Lights: Of Alexander LeClery and others, for two gas lights on Dresser street, one at the corner of Annanale road and one at the corner of Cliff avenue, with the names of the streets on the lanterns; of Thomas Freese and others, for two naphtha lights on Vicksburg place; of Maribla T. Peckham and others, for one gas light on Allen court; of L. S. Gamblon and others, for one gas light on Almy court, and of Alex. Kane and others, for one naphtha light at the corner of Prescott Hall avenue and Evans street. The following petitions for remission of taxes were received and referred to the Tax Assessors: of Ann M. Johnson, for three years; of Harriet G. Bond, of James M. Smith and of H. W. Clarke.

The petition of the Newport Street R. R. Co., for permission to put in three additional turnouts, one at the Mile Corner, one at Morton Park and one on Spring street, between Levin and Franklin streets, was referred to the committee on Streets and Highways with power to act, as was also a petition from Geo. A. Richmond, for relief from overflow of surface water from Bellevue avenue. A petition from the Newport Improvement Association, asking that the Street R. R. Co. be required to have complete flagmen at both road and Bellevue avenue, at Levin and Spring streets and at Thames street and Commercial wharf, was referred to the Ordinance committee. The petition of R. S. Hone and others, for a macadamized road in Narragansett avenue, from Bellevue avenue to Ocean Point avenue, was referred to the Highway committee. A communication, calling attention to the rapid decay of some of the other monuments in the Jewish cemetery, and asking that steps be taken to stop the destruction, was received from Rabbi A. P. Munkles and referred to Mayor Coggeshall and City Treasurer Coggeshall. An invitation to attend the demonstration to be made by the Grand United Order of Old Fellows, Sept. 11, was received from the committee of arrangements and accepted. Notice of a vacancy in the Common Council, caused by the resignation of Mr. Head, was received from the clerk of the common council, and a special election to fill the vacancy was ordered for the day of the general election, next Wednesday.

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Mayor Coggeshall announced that Doctors Barker, Rankin, and Turner, of the board of health, were present at his request to speak upon the matter of typhoid fever at the schoolship New Hampshire and the propriety of prohibiting the patients being treated at the Newport Hospital. On motion of Alderman Greene the two bodies went into joint convention to hear the talk. Dr. C. R. Barker, president of the board of health, was the first speaker. He said: It has always been the practice to take from the ship to the hospital such patients as were too sick to be treated on board the vessel. I am satisfied that typhoid fever is not a contagious disease, although communicable, and that it can be treated at the hospital without the slightest danger. If the disease in question is typhoid fever, and it was so pronounced by the naval surgeons and subsequently by the attending physicians at the hospital, I see no reason why the patients should not be taken from the ships to the hospital as well as from the city, from Middletown, or from Jamestown. I have not seen the patients and do not know what the rumors are regarding them, but feel confident that if the disease is what it is claimed to be it can be treated at the hospital with safety.

Dr. Turner agreed with Dr. Barker, except that he was not so positive as to the non-contagion.

Dr. Rankin thought there was not the slightest cause for fear, and said that the hospital at one time had twenty-four typhoid fever patients taken from foreign vessels.

On motion of Alderman Greene the vacancy on the board of health caused by the death of Robert McIntosh, was filled by the election of ex-mayor John Hara Poxel.

ALDERMEN.

After the two houses separated the aldermen passed a resolution approving and accepting Everett street. A number of tavern, eating house and other licenses were granted, and the following jurors were drawn for the September term of the Supreme Court: Grand—James P. Whitford, William J. Walsh, James T. Kirwin, Galen Davis, James T. Hazard.

Petit—Achilles Stevens, Joseph L. Bach, William H. Tew of Job, Henry T. Easton, Isaac Manchester, William Anthony, Joseph Barrett, William M. Austin, John H. Allen.

The Middletown Cavalade have voted to give their annual clambake on Wednesday, September 14th at Southwick's Grove. The Cavalade boys know how to get up a good clambake and give their patrons a good time. This year they expect to outdo themselves.

Rev. Mr. Emerson, of the United Congregational Church, starts on his annual vacation on Tuesday next. He will be absent over two Sundays, and will spend most of the time at Amherst, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Greene will supply his pulpit while absent.

SARAGO LAKE AND SONGO RIVER.

A White Mountain Side Trip.

SENSE PAVILION, North Conway, N. H., Aug. 20, 1889. Mr. Editor: So numerous and varied are the attractions and points of interest to be visited from North Conway, that an energetic guest could be kept constantly on the go, for a month or more, visiting a new scene of beauty each day, and be amply repaid for each separate effort. So much has been written of this place that I need not call your attention, or that of your readers, to this pretty village, but I do wish to introduce a new and delightful side trip that is not as widely known as it deserves to be. The majority of tourists who have found their way into the enchanted region of the white hills have doubtless well-formed plans as to the disposition of their holiday time but those who are ignorant of what awaits them must depend upon hints given from time to time by the wide-awake tourists who are ever on the lookout for some new drive or excursion. While the actual impulse that every summer draws thousands of people away from their homes to mountain resorts is a desire for, or the absolute need of, an entire change of life scene and surroundings, a large proportion are in search of pleasurable excitement; while others carefully avoid it, and seek only rest, quiet and healthful recreation. To all of these the immediate vicinity of North Conway promises the complete gratification of their several tastes or inclinations, and nobly redeems its promise. Among the many excursions which can be made in one day, none is more enjoyable than the trip to Bridgton, Me., via Sarago Lake and the beautiful Songo river, returning by the unique two-foot gauge railroad. The present arrangement of trains admit of this excursion of one hundred miles, with perfect ease and comfort.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be informed of the beauty of this trip yesterday, with a pleasant party from one of the other hotels. We left North Conway on the Maine Central, at 10:30 arriving at the lake station at noon where we had ample time to enjoy a lunch at the neat restaurant near by and to stroll through the grounds belonging to the railroad company, where camp meetings and picnics are frequently held. At 1:15 we took the little steamer "Hawthorne" and soon found ourselves on the Lake, Lake Sarago, meaning a "stretch of water," is 11 miles long by 11 wide and receives the water of 27 ponds. It has a depth in some parts of 400 feet. Six towns are on its shores and others are located on the connecting lakes to the north. Sailing up its eastern shore, we entered a narrow neck of water known as the "Notch." Below us, on the right, the famous painted rocks rise from the water to a height of 70 feet. We were told that the rocks were painted by the Indians but had faded away and have recently been repainted. Among the most interesting scenes painted upon the face of the rocks is one representing Capt. Fry making his leap for life; an Indian wigwam, with the chief of the tribe sitting at the doorway; a bear wounded; an Indian was drunk, and a deer bounding over rocks. As we passed, a big Indian in costume appeared on the high cliff, and fired a salute and gave the Indian war-whoop. Near by Hawthorne's cave was pointed out. This cave possesses a peculiar interest from the fact that it was a favorite haunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is a square aperture four feet by six, in the solid rock, into which the great novelist was wont to sail in his tiny fishing boat, which he could do to a distance of twenty-five feet, and then clamber through a short passage to the rocks above. To the northeast is seen the early home of Hawthorne. The scenery on the west is wilder and more rugged. The passage across the lake occupied about one hour after which our steamer entered the Songo river and here the veritable enchantment began.

"So we have a delicious stream, Sailing in safety or in danger, Wind and wave though both and break, Unhindered by a single rock."

Our little boat steamed in and out between shores fringed with overhanging maples, even now turning crimson and gold, their reflection as perfect in the water as the reality on shore. So close to the shore did we go that it was an easy matter to stretch a hand of the bright leaves as we passed by.

"In the mirror of its tide, Tangled thickets on each side, Hazy mist, and between, Floating clouds of sky serene."

The passage up this river was the most interesting part of the trip, and its best feature the perfect reflection which the forest and banks make in the sluggish and tranquil stream. The most vivid colors and the most delicate foliage being duplicated in the dark mirror of the waters with marvelous accuracy.

After five miles sailing and turning we reached the picturesque "Lock" at the confluence of the Songo and Crooked rivers. It is but 21 miles to the head of the river, yet we sailed 5 miles or more and made 27 turns. After rising several feet in the lock we passed into the bay of Naples near the head of which is the village bearing the same name.

where we made our first stop. We then entered Long Lake. This is a river-like expanse of water about twelve miles long. A pleasant sail of nine miles brought us to Bridgton wharf, where coaches were in waiting to carry us to Bridgton center, one mile distant, which we reach at 4:45. This pleasant village is situated on high land and has become a famous and yearly-thronged summer resort. The principal hotel here is the Bridgton House, M. L. Mason, Proprietor. Mr. Mason is also proprietor of the "Sunset" at North Conway. Close by the hotel is lovely Highland Lake, well stocked with black bass and supplied with a fleet of boats. A short walk through the principal streets of Bridgton brought us to the depot where at 5:45 we took the Milford train for the junction and then made close connection with the Maine Central, arriving at North Conway at 8:20. A backboard ride to the hotel and our excursion was at an end. We found our ever accommodating host had provided a late supper for us, which we enjoyed hugely. What surprised us most, at our journey's end, was the absence of the usual fatigue which follows a trip of such length. The great variety, a railroad ride of forty-six miles, through a beautiful and, to us, a new country, an hour's rest on the shore of the beautiful lake, a sail of thirty-five miles over Lake Sarago, Songo river, the Bay of Naples and Long Lake, a coach ride of nearly two miles through the forests and the town of Bridgton, a delightful walk to the depot, (although our coach would have left us there were we so inclined), then a ride of sixteen miles on the unique two-foot gauge Bridgton and Songo River R. R., connecting with our first train of the day, which makes a run of twenty miles to North Conway, where the backboard ride of three-quarters of a mile to the hotel completes the trip all for \$2.50. Who could be tired on such a trip? This excursion is also available to those at Intervale, Jackson, or any station between Fabyans and Portland. As the season is not yet over, and many will visit the White Hills in early autumn, my advice is to "go and do likewise," they will never regret it. J. H. T.

Mr. W. K. Thorn has given up polo playing and Tuesday he sold six of his polo ponies, the best of a stable of six, to the Dedham Polo Club of Dedham, Mass. Mr. Thorn will sail early next week for Pau, France, to participate in the autumn steeplechasing at that place. He has a fine stable in Pau which he maintains the year round and proposes to take eight steeplechasers with him this trip. Mr. Thorn is an expert poloist and his determination to abandon the game will be regretted by all lovers of that popular sport.

The request of the Street Railway Company, for permission to put three additional turnouts in the Broadway line having been referred to the committee on Streets and Highways of the city with power, better accommodations for the patrons of the road may soon be expected. As soon as Capt. Cotton, the engineer of the road, returns from Vermont, and he is daily expected, the improvements will undoubtedly be made.

Miss Evelyn Champney, the society actress and reader, of New York, who has been giving readings for the past fortnight in the prominent hotels and cottages in town, left yesterday for Narragansett Pier where she is to give a series of readings. She was well received in Newport.

Grand Representative James B. Barney left last night for Baltimore, to be present at the meeting of the Great Council of the Improved Order of Red Men of the United States on the 10th inst. He was accompanied by Mrs. Barney.

The Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of the Diocese, will preach and administer the rite of confirmation at St. Columba, The Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Middletown, on Sunday next, at 10:30 a. m.

Mr. Geo. Lloyd has presented to the Newport Historical Society, through Mr. J. M. K. Southwick, a sailor's sail needle case made by him on board the whale ship John Coggeshall in 1839. It is quite a curiosity.

United States cruiser Chicago arrived here Thursday afternoon and anchored back of the Torpedo station, near the location of the Yorktown.

At the First Baptist church there will be young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m. Preaching at 7:30, subject "Mala-chie, the last of the prophets."

Rev. Wm. Brenton Greene, of Philadelphia, will preach at the First Presbyterian church (Grace Chapel), tomorrow morning and evening.

Gen. A. G. Lawrence Camp, S. of V., will be well represented at the National encampment at Patterson, N. J., next week.

Mr. James Lawton and wife, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting Mr. Lawton's brother, Mr. Wm. S. Lawton of this city.

CITY BRIEFS.

Jottings of Newport and Newporters.

Rev. A. A. H. Eaton, of Boston, will officiate at Emmanuel church tomorrow.

On one day during last week Church's Works at Portsmouth, used up 7,900 barrels of fish.

Mr. Michael F. Dooley the National Bank examiner, is in town attending to the duties of his office.

Mrs. Orland Freeborn, of Providence, has been visiting Mrs. John Gilpin, on John street, this week.

Mrs. William Astor has closed her Newport villa for the season and gone to Rhinebeck-on-Hudson.

Mr. Stephen Williams, of New York, has been visiting Gov. Wetmore on Bellevue avenue this week.

Light Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, Major Cushing commanding, returned from camp Monday morning.

The large storage room in the car house on Commercial wharf has been leased to Messrs. A. G. Titus & Co.

The season of Sunday excursions is over for this year, for which all Sabbath loving citizens ought to be thankful.

The Heracles Veteran Firemen's Association turned out in full numbers Thursday to attend the muster in Providence.

Esther Lodge, D. of R., of this city, will pay a fraternal visit to Ruth Lodge, of Providence, on Friday, the 20th inst.

A Republican caucus is to be held Monday evening to nominate municipal officers. There ought to be a full attendance.

Mr. A. W. Kingman, of New York, has been at May Croft, Bellevue avenue, this week, the guest of his excellency, Governor Ladd.

Wee-nat Shasbit Trile, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men, is arranging for a picnic at Southwick's grove Thursday, the 20th inst.

Steps are being laid at the United Congregational church, so that the main entrance to the church may be reached from the Pelham street side.

At the dedication of St. Edward's church at Wanskuck, Sunday, the sermon was preached by Rev. Philip Grace, D. D., of St. Mary's parish, this city.

One of the pleasant ways to travel is to join one of the Raymond parties. His parties are all first class. The tourist has no care or anxiety and he or she is sure to have a good time.

There is a petition in circulation asking the city to lay out a new approach to the bathing beach, and we understand that it is being largely signed by our summer residents.

The First Central and Shiloh Baptist churches of this city were represented at the annual meeting of the Narragansett Baptist Association held at Shannock this week.

The public schools reported on Monday with very full numbers. Superintendent Fay has had his hands full to get all the machinery going in smooth order. He has succeeded remarkably well.

The State Fair will hold its annual session in Cranston, September 23, 24, 25, 26, 1889. The outlook for the exhibition is a good one. The entries are large and the list of attractions equally large.

A man named John B. Haines, of Dorchester, Mass., jumped from steamer Day Star Monday on his trip from Newport to Providence, and was killed by the paddle wheel. He had been inmate of Butler Hospital for Insane.

Mr. Wm. W. Cole, one of the engineers engaged in the construction of the waterworks reservoir near the Second Beach a few years ago, has returned to this city to take charge of certain repairs to be made to the dike at Easton's pond.

Capt. Henry D. Scott and his son, Mr. Charles P. Scott, have returned from their six weeks' European tour, arriving home Monday morning. Their travels included a visit to the Paris exposition, and they report a most enjoyable time.

Mr. J. W. Andrews announces that he will begin his fall term of musical instruction, at Vass' piano room, in Newport, on September 5th. For terms and particulars apply at Carr's book store, 172 Thames street, or address him at his residence, 103 Magazine street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mr. Henry A. Townsend, of this city, late general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association here, has been elected financial secretary of the Leavenworth (Kansas) Association, and he will leave for his new duties next week. The western association has made a good selection.

(Editorial notes see 4th page.)

Poetry.

Idyl.

BY G. A. DAWSON.

In the valley of the Wye,
Clear and low the country
Rebores over the meadows still,
The sun spurs the baby-foot,
From the village street,
From their steps in the mill.
To the hills beyond the end
Showered waters of the pool,
To the freshets of the hill,
Every eye in sun and shade,
Strides a farmer down the glen
From his holding on the hill.
Sitting close the wren of pine,
Mocking step the farm of mill,
"Oh! they splash the water still,
Ankle-deep in herbage still,
Follows with a deprecating shrill,
Madden Magpie of the mill.
Gold the rippled lilies beneath
Hat and honey-suckle wreath—
From her garden at the mill,
While her wistful eyes on blue
Serenity of heaven's hue
To the water from the hill.
Springing with a little "Good-bye,"
From his step above the green,
Downward hurries Farmer Will.
While the patient milky hand
Long in water-coldies stand,
Drinking each a tazy bill.
Every evening her surprise
Depends on the blazes rise.
At their meeting by the mill,
Most he always watch the yield
Of that long tresser field,
As she passes to the mill.
But he tells, with her's art,
Of a lonely house and heart,
On a holding on the hill,
And the cattle-bone and stray,
While they finger on the way,
Mutter and farmer Will.
For a maiden will delay,
And it takes so long to say
In a lover's ear "I will,"
And the children stand and wait
Till the hour is growing late,
For their supper at the mill.
—In Chamber's Journal.

Deception.

The years fall, as the west wind sighs
And drops in many-colored ways,
But your soft presence never dies
From out the pathway of my days.
The spring is where you are, but still
You, far away, to me are dear,
Sweet dowers and dawns enough to fill
A thousand empty words with spring.
I walk the wet and leafless woods,
Your spirit ever throbs before me,
And lights its crest of colors
With blossoms summer never wore.
I sit beside my lonely fire,
The shadows almost bring your face,
And light with memory and desire
My dull and lonely dwelling place.
Among my books I find your hand
That turns the page just past my sight;
Somehow behind my chair you stand,
And read the books I never write.
The old piano's keys I press
In random chords—ill I hear
Your voice, your rustling silken dress,
And smile the while you wear.
I do not weep now any more,
I think I hardly ever sigh;
I would not think I think I love
The kind of wound of which men die.
Believe that smooth content has grown
Over the blisters of pain;
Content! Oh lips that were my own
That I shall never kiss again.
—Lynn's Magazine.

Selected Tale.

SCARS.

In one of the valleys that penetrate into the great dorsal chain of mountains separating Lancashire from Yorkshire lies the manufacturing village of Winterseales. When we say that it lies in the valley we are not stating the exact truth, for it scrambles about the hillsides, but the mills and the street of shops occupy the bottom. The church stands on a height, on top of one of the hills, looking down on the gleams that unite below and form a sort of basin—a very contracted one—in which stands Winterseales. There was a disadvantage, certainly, in the factories occupying the bottom, for the tops of the chimneys came level with the deersteps and windows of a good many houses, and when the wind blew from the chimney-tops to the doorsteps it carried the smoke into the houses and filled them—that is to say, if doors and windows were left open; but the wise and experienced on such occasions kept both shut, and went in and out of their cottages by the back. Nevertheless the smoke penetrated by key-holes, down chimneys, under doors where the saintstone threshold was worn, and could not, would not, be wholly excluded. The houses on the slope, say rather the steep—of the hill sides were almost wholly occupied by operatives in the silk mills; the manufacturers had their houses below, near the factories. But these cottages for the hands by no means contained all who were employed at the mills. The men, boys and girls—there was a good proportion of them—lived away on moors and fells in houses by themselves or in little clusters, two and three, and even four miles distant. It was a pretty sight of an early morning in summer, or when "mill loosed" in the evening, to see the trains of merry girls on their way to or from work, with the white pinafores, and pink, crimson and blue kerchiefs over their heads, the sun blinking on their tin cans, which they swung in their hands, and that contained, or had contained, their dinners.

In one of the cottages that occupied the side of the road to Twickenham, that crossed the fells from the valley, ascending by a series of sweeps and doubles like a cracker, lived Mrs. Haigh, a widow with one daughter, Ruth, and a son Samuel. She kept a little shop; oranges and ginger-beer bottles were temptingly offered in the window to such fagged foot passengers as had climbed the hill from Winterseales or who passed the fell and were desirous of refreshing themselves before entering the place. Bottles of pink, yellow and white lemon drops, and of sticks of twisted cinnamon and white peppermint,

ginger-balls and toffee, exercised a fascination quite overpowering on the mill girls as they went by to their work, or when returning from it; and if they had a stray copper in their pockets it was certain to find its way into Mrs. Haigh's till, and the equivalent in sweet stuff to find its way into the lasses' mouths.

What a difference there is between the girl of these mountain moorlands and factory districts and those in the great manufacturing towns! In the latter there is the dusky complexion, the pale cheek, and only now and then a pretty face; whereas in the country district the complexions are transparent, the colors bright, the eyes sparkling, and a plain face is the exception. Verily, he who wants to see sweet faces, bright eyes and full of every charm, let him visit the upper dales of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Mrs. Haigh was an intimate woman. She had lost her husband through decline; the fine pieces of silk had got into his lungs and killed him, some sixteen years ago, leaving her, with Samuel, only a baby, and Ruth, but four years old. Since his death she had lived a precarious existence on lot-bops and oranges and ginger-beer. When ginger-beer failed to fascinate, owing to the decline of temperance, then oranges came in; and when oranges failed, then the ginger-pop excited its attractions. And as a sure, unfauling fund of revenue remained the peppermint sticks, the brandy-balls and the toffee. It might have been supposed that under these circumstances Mrs. Haigh's income would not have been at all precarious, but it was so.

This is an age of competition, and Mrs. Cardwell, across the road, had filled her window with similar bottles, and also with oranges. Human nature is fond of change, and the girls who had dealt with Mrs. Haigh turned to their rival establishment when it was opened, not that Mrs. Cardwell's wares were better, but because—because—because they like change.

The stars in their course fought against Mrs. Cardwell; to be more exact, the sun ranged himself on the side of Mrs. Haigh, and as the rival window faced the sun, bright Phœbus darted his hot and glittering rays at the bottles of ginger-pop, peppermint sticks, lemon drops, brandy-balls, etc. Now, when Mrs. Haigh first saw the glorious display made in the rival's window by the sun, that brought out all the colors of the lemon drops and concentrated in the peppermint sticks, she thought that her own establishment was eclipsed and would sink into nothingness. But she was mistaken. The sun that enveloped Mrs. Cardwell with splendor wrought irreparable damage on her goods. When it grew hot it popped her bottles and never paid three-halfpence for those it popped. It melted her sweets into conglomerate masses, and from cruel irony, the sun showed all the havoc it had worked, elated on the desolation, and brought into conspicuousness all the disaster it had wrought. Thereupon the mill girls deserted Mrs. Cardwell and drifted back to Mrs. Haigh.

This is but a single instance of the little perils that beset the cause of trade and made Mrs. Haigh's revenue uncertain. However, that protection which is extended to fatherless and widow did not desert her, and she lived on, kept the wolf from the door, and when Ruth and Samuel were able to work in the mills, then her little shop was no longer essential to existence, but fell into a position of subsidiary profit. As, however, Ruth and Samuel earned larger wages, so did her health begin to fail, and she was no longer able to leave the house.

Ruth was a tall, upright girl, with dark hair, gray eyes, not handsome, but pleasing, with one of those faces that inspire confidence. It had on the broad brow the stamp of intelligence; in the firm lips the character of determination. As for Samuel, though aged sixteen, he was a child in mind, in spirits, in humor, moody, good-natured and simple, not lacking in intelligence, but glibless as a child.

"Why, Sam?" exclaimed Ruth one day, stopping and staring some while before her mother's window, "the till is down." She had stopped in order to allow Sam to come up with her, for it is not the custom—it is hardly permitted by the unwritten code of etiquette that prevails in a factory district—for a brother to walk home with his sister; he would be cruelly chaffed as a milk-sop were he to do this.

The till was down, "Ladgides to Let"—that had figured in the window above the bottles of sweetstuff for a twelvemonth—figured there no more. "Well, now—wherever?" exclaimed Sam.

"It's the paste has become dried up, and it has fallen off of itself," said Ruth.

But she was mistaken. While she and her brother were away at the mill that day a stranger had come to the cottage and had taken the room and bed that had been so long to let; he had engaged them by the week.

He was a young man, tall, dark, not bad looking, but shy and uneasy, and his shyness and lack of ease gave to him a certain unattractiveness that was at first unperceivable. He gave his name as Michael Derby. He said he was on the lookout for work. He took his meals with the family. He spoke but little and seemed depressed. But that was explicable. He had been to each of the manufacturers of Winterseales soliciting work, office work, and he had failed to obtain a situation.

"Mother," said Ruth, one day shortly after Derby had come into the house, "I don't like him. There is something in the background. He has something on his mind."

"Perhaps he's in love, Ruth," answered her mother. "I remember, when your father was just the same, because he thought I didn't care for him."

—something he can't shake off." It was strange that, although Michael Derby had been to every factory in the place and had failed at each, he had remained on at Winterseales lodging with the widow. He was unsettled, it appeared, in his mind. He gave her notice that he would leave next week, but when next week came he remained on.

One day—it was, as it happened, a Saturday—Ruth found on her return home early that the wind was from the southwest, and was blowing the smoke of a chimney in the valley against her mother's house. On such occasions Ruth knew very well that her afternoon must be devoted to cleaning the house. She was a tidy girl, clean and tidy in her person, clean and neat in all she did, and could not endure that the house and its scanty furniture should be other than bright and furnished.

When, therefore, she had spoken to her mother, and made some remark about the smoke, instead of removing her mill snit, she set to work to clean and rub down everything in the house. The windows must be left till a change of wind, but the furniture could not be so neglected.

She was engaged on the room recently by Derby, who was out, after having done what she could do to the other apartments. In the corner was a picture with a gilt frame, and this she was engaged in dusting, when the door was thrust open and the young man entered, and, going up to the chimney-place, leaned his arms on it, laid his head on them and groaned. He had not noticed that any one was in the room.

Ruth hesitated what to do, whether to leave noiselessly, or to speak. He was breathing heavily; he raised his head, rested it again on his arms, and groaned again.

Then Ruth rested the picture against the wall—she had held it in one hand whilst cleaning it with the other—and went to him, and lightly touched him on the shoulder. He started in manifest alarm, and looked at her with a vacant expression in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Michael Derby," said the girl, "but I have never seen that you are unhappy. Why do you not tell my mother or me that we may assist you? Do are you unwell and in pain?"

"I am not ill. I am very wretched."

"What is it? Can we help you in any way? Is it that you are unable to find work?"

"No; it is not that. I cannot tell you what troubles me. It would do you no good if I did. But I thank you for speaking."

"Have you no friends?"

"I had, and have lost them."

"From what part do you come?"

"That I will not tell you. And whither I shall go, I do not know."

"Now, look here," said Ruth, "if there be something in your heart that makes you miserable—best have it out. Like a thorn, allowed to work in, it may produce a stiff joint; if cut out, you are soon well."

He shook his head.

So ended that interview. It had its effect, for the young man drew insensibly towards the girl, and she felt her interest quickened in him, and for a girl to feel interest in a man, young and unhappy, is dangerous to her peace of mind—sure in the end to lead to love. She made no further attempt to win his confidence, but she saw how he sought out occasions of being near her; how, when he was alone with her, he seemed to be irresolute whether to speak out what was on his mind or not. His eyes followed her, but always fell if he perceived that he was observed.

So matters went on for some weeks. An unperceivable tie was formed between the two, each knowing that the other possessed the regard, the sympathy of the one; but neither said the smallest word that could express what was in the heart.

It was autumn. The berries were ripening, if not already ripe, in every hedge. One day Mrs. Haigh said to Michael Derby, who was in the house, "The elderberries are ripe, and I should like to make wine against the winter. Will you go up the tree and pluck me the berries?"

This referred to a large bush or tree of elder in the small garden. He readily agreed to do so.

Whilst he was thus engaged Ruth came into the garden and stood under the tree. She saw what his employment was, and held a basket into which he cast the bunches of purple-black fruit. Now and then some leaves came fluttering down about her head and shoulders from the shaken bush. The sun was bright, the day warm; it was one of the last days of summer weather, before the storms and gusts of winter set in.

For a moment or so, a little brightness came over the troubled face of Derby. He forgot his brooding cares, his cheek flushed, he laughed, and threw some of the bunches at the girl's head, and one fell on her hair and there hung entangled. As she put up her hand to remove it, she inadvertently let go her hold of the basket, and all the load of elderberries was poured forth on the ground.

At once Michael came down and, kneeling on the grass beside her, assisted in collecting the fruit. As he did this his hand continually touched hers, and then a tremor passed over him. He laid hold of a large bunch at the same time as she did, and neither let go. They involuntarily raised their eyes, and their eyes met. In that meeting of the eyes the story of their mutual love was told. Neither let go of the bunch of elderberries, and Ruth rose from her stooping position, and in so doing she saw that Michael had been in the garden, and he kept half in his hand, she half in hers.

Then he spoke. "Ruth," said he, in a low tone, quivering with emotion, "I love you, but I am not worthy of you. I would have gone from this place before this, but I could not leave the house where you were. But I am not worthy of you. Now, I will go—I will go to America, and I will take this half-bunch of elderberries with me. It shall remind me of you."

He said no more—strange, unaccountable man that he was. He turned and went into the house, carrying the ripe elderberry bunch, and she—she said nothing, but her eyes filled with tears, and she placed the little fragment of the berry-bunch in her bosom.

That night when she prepared to go to bed, and took off her kerchief and gown, the elderberries lay where she had placed them, but bruised, and a stream of their purple juice, like blood, stained her bosom. That night Michael Derby was gone.

But no outward token did Ruth show that she felt the loss of the lodger. The little bill was again wafted into the window, and would probably remain there appealing without response for some time to come. Mrs. Haigh was somewhat particular whom she would receive into her house; she would accept no lodger who was not quiet and well-conducted.

Then came the 31st of November, when bonfires would be kindled and Great Gays be burnt throughout the country. Great preparations had been made both in Winterseales and the neighborhood. In the valley there was to be a huge fire, and coals, tar-barrels and brushwood had been begged and brought to make a magnificent blaze. But then such a fire in the valley could not produce the effect of one on the hills, and the young people of the district agreed to have a second on a patch of waste ground close to the house of Mrs. Haigh.

The widow was vexed at this, as this occasioned uproar for half the night, but dared not express her objections, lest she should offend her customers; moreover, she was well aware that any objections she raised would be disregarded. And, indeed, she had an enthusiastic advocate of this very bonfire in her own house in Samuel, her son, who was most energetic in collecting materials for it.

A goodly bonfire it promised to be; below a pile of shavings and chips, begged from a carpenter; above, three tons of coals, bought by subscription; on top, a tar barrel, into which were inserted human candles, squibs, flower-pots, tacks, and other explosives.

"I shall look at it from the window," said Ruth.

"Nay, don't shant," answered Samuel. "I'll hug thee out if thou won't come thyself."

And when the bonfire was lighted, urged by Samuel, Ruth was by. Now the chips and shavings flared up white, and then ignited the coals, and they glowed a livid red, sending up volumes of smoke.

A shout of applause from the gathered crowd, capering, screaming, and laughing round the fire. The tar barrel was flaming.

Then suddenly an explosion, and in all directions shot flames and drops of flame; up roared a rocket into the air, another struck a wall and fell blazing on the road, dispersing all who were near; crackers snapped and bounced like fiery scorpions among the feet of the ladies and lasses, who laughed and shouted and danced. But among the cries were not only exclamations of delight and of astonishment, but also those of fear and pain, for the fireworks in exploding had exploded the barrel, and sent a shower of flaming far over the heads of the bystanders. Many of these drops fell innocuous, extinguished before reaching those they touched, or only scalding; but this was not the case everywhere; one blazing clod of tar fell upon Samuel, who was in a cotton blouse, ran down it flaming, set it on fire, and in a moment he was in flames.

Those who stood near, scattered on either side, all fearful for themselves lest the fire should communicate itself to their clothes. Only Ruth had presence of mind. She was wearing a thick woollen shawl drawn over her head, and seeing the peril in which her brother was, without a moment's hesitation, a moment's question whether it would be risking her own self, she whirled off the shawl and flung it around the boy, wrapping it about the flames and stifling them.

Was the fire subdued? She held the shawl about him tightly, forced him down on the ground, and rolled him over to extinguish every spark that appeared, every flicker that manifested itself, but in so doing was herself caught. She had a light cotton kerchief round her throat; whether this was ignited by Samuel's clothes, or whether by a falling drop of blazing tar, could not be said; but probably it was set alight by the dress of her brother, as there was no second explosion of the barrel. She felt the hot tongue of fire rush up her face, and for one instant—on one instant only did her hands relax their grip of the shawl, as instinctively she would have drawn the shawl from him and wrapped it about her own neck for her own preservation. But the temptation to save herself at his expense was momentary only; one hand gripping him tightly in its folds with the other she tore off the flaming kerchief from herself, and then remained silent, self-controlled, holding Samuel till she was sure the fire was extinct about him. Then only did she allow the boy to get up and lead him home.

He had not been burnt. The flame that had caught his blouse had burned that in great holes, so that it fell to rags, but had not hurt him otherwise than that his hands were somewhat blistered where he had tried in the first paroxysm of terror to heat out the flame. It was otherwise with Ruth. She had for a moment been exposed to

the breath of fire, and the flame had licked the side of her neck and ear, and had singed her hair. For some time she was laid up, who had received a house where you were. But I am not worthy of you. Now, I will go—I will go to America, and I will take this half-bunch of elderberries with me. It shall remind me of you."

When she wore her red kerchief over her head the mark did not show, but when it was removed the disfigurement attracted attention, and was somewhat distressing. A stranger would notice it at once. But with what love did Sam regard that mark? He knew what it meant—that his sister had sacrificed herself for him.

Ruth went about her work as usual when recovered, and said nothing about what had taken place. She had no thought that she had acted nobly, heroically. In the mill, with want of taste, but hardly want of kindness, for it was not maliciously intended, Ruth was given the nickname of "Scary Ruth"; she bore with the designation without resentment. Hitherto Ruth had been somewhat admired by the young lads. A quiet, reserved girl, she had given them no encouragement, but at one time or another three or four had tried to cultivate acquaintance with her, to walk with her to and from mill, or on Sundays into the country, but had met with no encouragement. Now none came near her. Her scars deterred them.

"I tell thee what, lass," said one of her mates to her one day in the mill, "Thou'lt never get thee a husband now wif thy scars, that's certain."

"I do not suppose I shall," was her quiet reply.

Twelve years had passed. Ruth was still working at the same silk mill, occupying the same cottage. Her mother was dead, Samuel was married, and he and his young wife were in the cottage. The wife managed the shop and sold the oranges, ginger-beer and various sweetstuffs. Mrs. Cardwell was gone; there was no longer competition to be feared. A couple of children had come to Samuel. Ruth was reversed, diligent, orderly as ever; the freshness of girlhood had passed from her face, which had, however, gained in sweetness of expression. Samuel's wife was a trial to her, a wayward, exacting young woman, who could not feel with Samuel the debt of obligation due to Ruth, that reverence with which he regarded his sister, and she was continually urging her husband to get Ruth to leave the house. She said sharp things to her, was snappish in her conduct, and once or twice out of her husband's hearing, called her "Old Scary."

Ruth kept to herself, and gave the young woman as little cause for annoyance as possible, but Samuel's wife had made up her mind that the house was to be her own, and that she would not have another woman in it. Unconsciously she was envious and jealous of the regard with which Samuel treated his sister. Ruth saw that a longer continuance there would jeopardize the domestic tranquillity of her brother, and she resolved to leave. She said no word of her intention to Sam, who was uneasy and annoyed at the friction between his wife and sister.

One autumn evening—it was a Saturday, St. Luke's summer was over the country, soft and warm, with a hazy light—Ruth stole into the garden and seated herself under the elder. Sam's wife was in the shop; the children were in the road. She was unobserved.

She drew from her bosom a piece of paper and unfolded it, and spread it on her knees. Within was a dried half-bunch of elderberries. She looked up—overhead were the berries, glossy, full of juice, and ripe, warmed by the sun. This poor little shrivelled cluster had been to her. So it is with life—once fresh, sweet, full of succulence, it dries up, becomes juiceless and dead. Twelve years had passed and she had heard nothing of Michael Derby, not a letter had come from him, no tidings by word of mouth. What had been his trouble? What had driven him from England? How had he fared in the far world? Was he alive? And if alive, had he thought of her?

All at once she looked up. Before her stood a gentleman with a grave, handsome face and a touch of gray in his hair, and beside him her brother—smiling, happy Samuel without a word went back into the house.

Ruth started to her feet with a cry, and as she did so the withered half-bunch of elder slipped from her lap. The gentleman saw it, stooped, picked it up, and returned it to her. Then without a word he put his hand into his breast-pocket and produced a little case, opened it, and lo, in his palm he

(Continued on third page.)

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Heartburn
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food tasted and satiated the craving I had previously experienced."

Sour
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food tasted and satiated the craving I had previously experienced."

Stomach
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food tasted and satiated the craving I had previously experienced."

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Dyspepsia

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CASTORIA

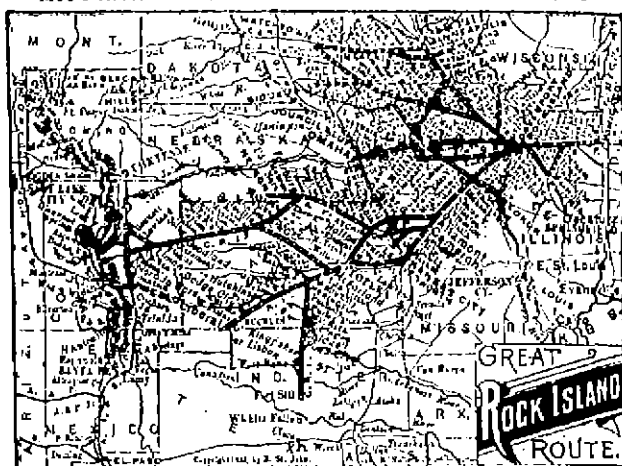
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No need of your breaking them. Talk with your dealer about it. If every trouble

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The maker is Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh. If you want to know more, they'll send you a primer about tough glass for lamp-chimneys.



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See that every girl is wearing
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If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from
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Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.
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other shoes, but it goes more to the bone.
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W. BAKER & CO

Breakfast Cocoa
Is absolutely pure and
It is soluble.
No Chemicals
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contains more than three times the strength

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Is always provided with the very best of
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Vegetables of all kinds in

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Desirable building lots on all parts of
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THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE
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Send stamp or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

Farm and Family

Stacking Grain.

There is no reason why every farmer's boy should not learn the art of properly stacking grain and hay. Nearly every farmer can stack grain after a fashion, but not out of fifty can build up a firm, symmetrical, rain proof stack. Select the site of the desired stack remote from the shade of any building or grove, and arrange the bottom so that there will be a free circulation of air underneath. The plan of preparing a concave bottom, to give stability to the stack, is not desirable, on account of the natural tendency of the layers of sheaves to settle into a concave position; also, make a hollow in the center of the stack, the very thing most to be avoided. Fix a firm, slightly convex foundation out of stumps, poles or scallings, and imbed in the ground short corner uprights, to give rigidity to the bottom of the stack. Put down first a layer of straw and then begin the stack. Put a circle of sheaves, with the butts out, around the convex center. Crowd them tightly together, and keep the butts on an even circle. Lay another circle around the first in the same way, allowing the sheaves of the second circle to lap half of their length on the first. Follow the same practice until the limit of the bottom is reached, and then begin at the center again. A stacker should be on his knees all of the time, and compress the bundles snugly as he follows the circle around. Let the outside ring of the second layer project very slightly over the foundation layer, and repeat until the middle of the desired stack height is reached. Then place each successive layer a little nearer the center, and gradually bring to a tapering peak. It is of vital importance that the center of the stack shall be kept more full and cone shaped all of the way up than is really wanted. It will flatten out gradually by settling. A steep, smooth pitch is imperatively required in the "roof" part of the stack. Straw should not be discolored by wet and exposure more than a few inches on the butts of the outside sheaves. It is a good plan to cap the peak with a thatching of broad leaf marsh grass, and hang rails over the peak connected by a hay rope, to hold it on. Grain properly stacked in the manner described will come through wet weather without damage to a kernel of its growth if it is thoroughly dry when put up. There is enough grain spoiled annually on farms by bad stacking to pay for the erection of many a commodious barn. —[American Agriculturist.]

Protection Against Flies.

The plague of flies touches a very tender spot—the pocketbook—for it causes animals to lose flesh, or at least to make less gain than they would otherwise. By affording protection to the animals, we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and is profitable to make a smudge. In some situations this is actually necessary at certain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke.

Horses suffer greatly from flies, on account of a tenderer skin and sensitive nervous organization. When we have them at work, their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to see animals kicking, biting and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care, these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use, or the sweat of the animals will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animal as little as any efficient protection. Cotton nets are a good protection to the carriage horse, but are not strong enough for farm work. Those who cannot buy leather nets should get the coarsest gunny sack. This, being very open, does not much heat the animal. The cover should reach over the neck, with pockets to cover the ears. These covers should be washed once a month while in use, and when they are put away at the end of the season. Gnat-infested flies of horses' ears. Pure lard is a good protection, applied once a day. The deposit by the hotly of its eggs under the jaw, makes many horses almost unmanageable. A cloth can be tied to the bridle in such a way as to protect the jaw.

The legs of horses require protection even more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin on these parts is thinner and the blood vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not often see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Leggins from old overalls, or made of gunny sack, are good material, and the man should drive a team so protected about his farm as far more false pride than good sense. Leggins made like the leather nets for the body are, in the end, the cheapest, and can be made by any harness maker. —[American Agriculturist.]

Pasturage for Colts and Cattle.

It is important that pasturage be properly chosen, especially for growing colts. If this is on very rich land, or watery, the grass will be too rank for the growth of fine, strong bones and firm, enduring muscle. Colts grown up on such will be pretty sure to be wanting in spirit, be slow of movement, and deficient in wind; so much so that when in harness, if put up to a moderately fast pace—which can only be done by a repeated application of the whip—they breathe painfully, sweat intolerably and soon tire. The best pasture ground for colts is such as is well-drained or naturally rather dry, and if it

abounds with scattered rocks a foot or more in diameter, these are not objectionable, but small stones are, for the colts in running about are liable to strike on them to the injury of their hoofs, while they avoid the larger ones and rocks in their exercise.

The grass on such lands is sweet and tender, highly relished by the colts and very nutritious. Growing up on such, especially if limited to it, the feet and legs and the bones of the whole body become extra strong, more like ivory than common bone grown on quite excellent pasture. For cattle the pasture need not be so select in quality, for they will do well on wet meadows when the water is generally below the surface of the soil, only occasionally overflowing for a few hours and then dry off well.

Household Hints.

To raise the pile of plush or velvet, dampen on the wrong side with clean, cold water, then hold tight across the face of a hot iron, and rub up the crushed spot with a clean, stiff brush.

Make all kitchen aprons of keeswick, and so avoid quito an item in the weekly ironing, as it requires none. If work dresses are made of the same goods they need ironing only when lined.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, and thus carry out the effect.

Strong muriatic acid applied with a cloth, and the spot washed thoroughly with water, is recommended to remove ink stains from boards.

Never wash a jolly bag, strainer cloth, pudding bag or dumpling net with soap. The next thing that is put into or passed through these things will surely taste of the flavoring of alkali.

Flowers can be kept fresh for some time if a pinch of soda or saltpetre is added to the water. Wilted roses will regain their freshness if dipped a minute or two in hot water.

Lemon juice is a good thing for removing tan. It is also excellent for taking stains from the hands, and applied to the hands at night will keep them soft and white.

It seems that any color containing white lead is injurious to wood floors, rendering them softer and more liable to be worn away. Paints containing mineral colors only, without white lead, such as yellow ochre, sienna or Venetian or Indian red, have no such tendency to act upon the floor, and may be used with safety. This quite agrees with the practice common in this country of painting kitchen floors with yellow ochre or raw umber or sienna. Although these colors have little body compared with a white lead paint, and need several coats, they form an excellent and very durable covering for the floor.

Silver may be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-sized piece of camphor.

When ready to serve a jelly or cream that has been set in a mold, set the mold in tepid water, or wrap a warm cloth about the mold for a moment. This will loosen the jelly.

Peeling potatoes, apples and other vegetables and fruits will discolor the hands. Borax water is excellent to remove stains, and heat scratches and chafes. Put crude borax into a large bottle, and fill with water. When dissolved add more to the water until at last the water can absorb no more, and particles can be seen at the bottom. To the water in which the hands are to be washed, pour from this bottle enough to make it very soft. It is cleansing and healthful, and by its use the hands will be kept in good condition.

The French water-ices are sometimes made with a syrup of sugar and water boiled until it forms a fine thread between the thumb and forefinger. This syrup contains four times as much sugar as water.

Ceilings that have been smoked with a kerosene lamp should be washed out with soda water.

To make a fruit sauce that is nice for many puddings, reduce one cupful of berries to a pulp by pressing them through a fine sieve; add to them one cupful of sugar beaten to a cream with one cupful of butter; add the fruit juice, and let the water white of an egg. This sauce should be served directly it is made.

Recipes for the Table.

TRAVELING LUNCH.—Chop together sardines, ham and a few pickles; mix with mustard, pepper, catsup, salt and vinegar; spread between buttered bread. This is to be cut crosswise, like jelly cake.

POMATO SALAD.—Take nearly ripe tomatoes, slice in a dish and set on ice to get hard and firm, then just before using chop a large onion fine, and sprinkle over them, and add salt, vinegar and pepper to taste.

BREAD FOR FRYING.—Cut slices of stale bread in small squares, throw them in boiling lard and fry till brown. Skim out, drain and put in a soap suds before serving the soup. For oyster soup, crackers crisped in the oven are nice.

CHEESE SCALLOP.—Soak one cup of dry bread crumbs in fresh milk; beat into it three eggs, and add one tablespoon of butter and a half-pound of grated cheese; strew upon the top sifted bread crumbs, and bake in the oven a delicate brown.

CORN PUDDING.—Two cups of corn boiled and cut from the ear; one pint of milk, two eggs, salt to taste. Beat the egg until very light; add the other ingredients; put the mixture in a buttered

pudding dish, and bake about forty minutes.

APPLE TAPPOCA PUDDING.—Soak over night one cup of tappoca in six cups of water. Next morning add one cup of sugar, one egg and beat well together. Then pare, core and chop fine six or more apples, and stir with the tappoca in a pudding dish, and bake slowly.

ORANGE CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Mix, by sifting, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder with 1½ cups of flour. In a separate dish beat three eggs until light, add 1½ cups of white sugar, one-half cup of hot water and the grated rind of half an orange. Beat all together and pour into the flour. Stir thoroughly and bake in layers.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil one-fourth of a cup of rice in one cup of milk until thick; add 1½ cups of milk, and boil two minutes; add one tablespoonful of butter, and let it cool; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoon of cinnamon, the beaten yolks of four eggs and the whites of two; bake in buttered cups three-quarters of an hour.

SPICED MEAT.—Four pounds of round beef, chopped fine; take from it all the fat, add three dozen small crackers, rolled fine, four eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful ground mace, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one tablespoonful melted butter; mix well, and put into any tin pan that will hold it; bake with butter and water, and bake two hours in a slow oven.

COLD MEAT DISH.—Take any sort of cold meat and suit, mixed; chop very fine; add salt, onion, minced ham or tongue, a slice of bread soaked in milk, two well-beaten eggs, one ounce of butter; stow all together gently for fifteen minutes; turn it into a mold and bake till brown. Turn out on a hot dish and cover with the gravy strained off when cooked.

RICE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Take three pounds of brown sugar to two gallons of vinegar, and boil well with ground cloves and cinnamon in little bags. Pare the ripe cucumbers and take out the seeds; then boil until soft enough to pierce with a straw, put in a crock, draining off as much water as possible, and pour the hot vinegar over; they will be ready in three weeks. If needed sooner boil one hour in the vinegar after boiling in water. They will keep at least one year. If a scum comes over them take out and reboil with stronger vinegar prepared as above.

SOUP STOCK.—To three pounds of lean beef without bone put two and one-half quarts of water. Simmer gently for one hour, skimming thoroughly when it comes to boiling point. Then add one carrot, one turnip, one onion, one stalk of celery or a teaspoonful of celery seed, one bay leaf, and simmer for four hours longer, never permitting it to boil or to grow cool, and adding a little hot water, enough to keep the original quantity. Slow and steady simmering, not boiling, is necessary to make the stock perfect. This will keep three or four days in summer, and at least a week in winter.

Household Fancy Work.

A PRETTY LACE.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 4, over, narrow, over, knit 2.
2nd row—Plain.
3rd row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 6, over, narrow, over, knit 2.
4th row—Plain. Also knit, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22d and 24th.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 8, over, narrow, over, knit 2.
6th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 2.
7th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 2.
8th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 2, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 2.
9th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

10th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

11th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

12th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

13th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

14th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

15th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

16th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

17th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

18th row—Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1.

Take one piece of feather-edge braid and medium-size crocheted thread and a fine steel hook.

1st row—1 treble in each loop of braid, join with a single crochet to top of first treble.
2d row—Four chain, 1 double treble (over twice) on first treble, 4 chain, miss 3 trebles, 2 double trebles on next treble; repeat from 4 to end of row; 3 chain, join with a single crochet in fourth loop of 4 chain in beginning the row.

3d row—One double treble on first treble, 1 chain, 3 trebles (not double trebles in fifth stitch), 2 chain, miss 1, 1 double treble on next stitch, repeat from 4 to end of row; 1 single crochet in first of 3 chain in beginning the row.

On the opposite side of braid work thus:
1st row—One double treble in first loop of braid, 1 double treble in each of next 4 loops, 7 chain, 1 double treble in fourth of 7 chain for picot (counting from loop already on hook), 4 chain, 1 double treble in first of 4 chain for picot, repeat from 4 twice, 1 double treble in each of last 3 remaining stitches of 7 chain for picot.

This forms a cluster of four picots: 1 double treble in fifth double treble just before the picot of 7 chain is begun, 1 double treble in each of next 5 loops of braid, 7 chain, 1 double treble in fourth of 7 chain for picot, as before, 3 chain, join with a slip stitch between the third and fourth picots of the preceding cluster; 1 double treble along the 3 chain, 1 chain, 1 double treble in first of 4 chain for picot, repeat from 4 twice, then repeat from 4 to end of row.

2d and 3d rows—Like first row, except the cluster of picots in each succeeding row is begun, between the second and third picots of each cluster of the previous row.

For the point in the middle of the front of work thus:
1st row—Work seventeen clusters of picots.
2d row—Work fifteen clusters omitting the cluster of picots at each end.
3d row—Work 13 picot groups.
4th row—Work 11 groups.
5th row—Work 9 groups.
6th row—Work 7 groups.
7th row—Like sixth row. This finishes the point.

For the border around the lower edge of yoke:
1st row—One treble in second picot of first cluster, 4 chain, 1 treble in third picot of same cluster that last treble is in, 3 chain, 1 treble in first of next cluster of picots, repeat from 4.

2d row—One treble in first stitch, 1 chain, miss 1 stitch, 1 treble in next stitch; repeat from 4.
3d row—One treble in first stitch, 1 chain, miss 1 stitch, 1 treble in next stitch; repeat from 4.

THE SLEEVES.
The sleeves are worked in the same pattern as the yoke; take a piece of braid fourteen inches long for each sleeve.

In the fifth row, to form the gusset under the arm, work only two clusters of picots; in each of next two rows work one cluster; then one more row with two clusters.

Sew the sleeves together under the arm, and overseam the sleeves to the yoke for a space of ½ inches on the shoulder.

Insert the ribbon through the treble row in the edging, and finish off with small bows.

SOME AGES OF MAN.
The infant's age—Cribbage.
The collector's age—Dumage.
The minister's age—Parsonage.
The calman's age—Cabbage.
The broker's age—Boudage.
The lawyer's age—Damage.
The lover's age—Marriage.
The cashier's age—Shorlage.
The deadhead's age—Passage.
The plumber's age—Leakage.
The coal dealer's age—Tonnage.
The doctor's age—Pillage.
The butcher's age—Sausage.

A couple of good natured Frenchmen got into a quarrel and challenged each other to fight. On the morning of the duel they and their seconds tramped through the woods to the fatal spot, where one of the duellists, the challenging party, tripped and fell. His second helped him to his feet. "I hope you are not hurt," said the other duelist. "I'm not much hurt; I only bumped my nose on the ground." "Does it bleed?" "Yes, a little." "Heaven be praised! Blood flows and my honor is vindicated. Give me your hand, old boy." —[London Tit Bits.]

"Huh, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

Epoch.
The transition from long lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so many feel in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the Great Therapeutic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, or long or short standing, you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sufferers and Elderly people, Chas. M. Cole, Druggist.

One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria

THE SHAKERS

OF MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.

Have Learned the Secrets

OF THE

Medical Discovery

Neighbor Tells Neighbor

from House to House.

INDIGESTION.

Yet what more could we hope for, do we not know that nine tenths of all our pain and suffering arises from this one great complaint? Rheumatism, liver complaint, urinary troubles are nothing more nor less than symptoms of chronic indigestion and dyspepsia. Remove the cause and the effect disappears. Clear out the bowels and the liver, and the troubles are gone.

Undigested food fills the blood with poison, and impurities, so that we feel tired, languid, weak and feeble.

SHAKERS' EXTRACT OF LEMONS, or SHAKERS' SYNERGIC DISPEPSIS, restores the best appetite, builds up broken constitutions, and removes that loathed surplus—constipation.

Sold by all druggists, and by

A. J. WHITE, 116 Duane St., N. Y.

Accidents happen,

and sickness comes,

to all, and yet many

people never have

on hand the means

to promptly relieve

the sufferings from

either. An inexpensive

and thoroughly

reliable safeguard is

Perry Davis'

Pain Killer,

which has stood for

49 years unrivaled.

For Cramps, Colic,

Cholera and all Summer

Complaints it is

A SURE CURE.

Have it with you

at home and when

traveling. It is used

externally and internally,

and is just

the thing needed for

Burns, Bruises, Cuts,

Sprains, &c.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

Dr. Lewis is always successful.

THE GLORY OF A MAN IS IN HIS STRENGTH.

Nerve or Physical Force when Lost Quickly Regained by Consulting

Dr. C. J. Lewis,

7170 after business study and deep research

has lately discovered a new, extraordinary

quick, certain and inexpensive cure for the

exhaustion of the human system, and the

loss of vitality, and the consequent

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d-diplomats, teachers, milliners, dressmakers, accountants, "shop girls," and even house-keeping mothers, and feeble women generally. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly tonic, being unequalled as an invigorating, curative and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

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regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. **One a Dose.** Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.



Nothing does more honor and credit to wine, with words and cases of equal value. One of France is such Italy can secure can free, together with any large and valuable list of Champagne. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have tried them in your hands, if you wish to have them to share with your friends, they become your own property. These who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. Write at once, to the following address: Milnau & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

PIANOS


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